PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATION—1933

BILL QUIRT THE RAMBLING RANNY

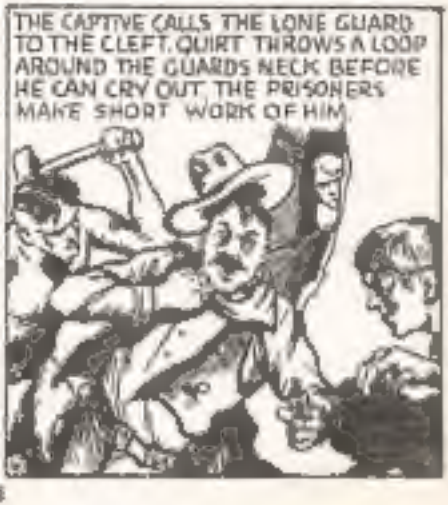
by Jon L. Blummer

IN AN ATTEMPT TO FREE CAPTIVES, FORCED TO LABOR FOR A GANG OF BANDITS, QUIRT FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED IN A BLIND TUNNEL OF THE SILVER MINE

FLASHES FROM HIS GUN DISCLOSE HIGH ABOVE HIM A JUTTING ROCK. KEEPING UP A RAPID FIRE TOWARD HIS PURSUERS, QUIRT TRIES TO LASSO THE ROCK

HE AT LAST SUCCEEDS AND WITH THE PACK OF WEAPONS HE HAS TAKEN FROM THE BANDITS' SHACKS, HE SCRAMBLES UP THE ROCK WALL JUST AS A LIT TORCH IS THROWN INTO THE VAULT

BEHIND HIM BILL FINDS A NARROW CLEFT IN THE WALL AND DISCOVERS IT LEADS TO THE TUNNEL WHERE THE CAPTIVES WORK. HE TOSSES A BULLET AT THE FEET OF ONE, MOTIONS HIM NEAR AND WHISPERS TO HIM...


THE CAPTIVE CALLS THE LONE GUARD TO THE CLEFT. QUIRT THROWS A LOOP AROUND THE GUARDS NECK BEFORE HE CAN CRY OUT. THE PRISONERS MAKE SHORT WORK OF HIM.

I HAVE PLENTY OF WEAPONS, MEN. IF YA FOLLOW MA ORDAHS YA CAN BE FREE
MISTER, YORE THE BOSS!
HEAHS YA WEAPONS NOW LISTEN CA'FULL.—
FOLLOWING HIS PLAN, QUIRT MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE ROCK AND FIRES HIS GUNS. THE BANDITS RUSH BACK AND KEEPING BEHIND COVER TRY TO SMOKE QUIRT OUT
SILENTLY THE ARMED CAPTIVES CREEP UP AND SUDDENLY ROLL THE DRUMS OF DEATH
IN WILD FRENZY THEY CLOSE IN... WIELDING PICK HANDLE AND GUN-BUTT
QUIRT SLIDES DOWN TO JOIN THE FRAY JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE LAST BANDIT FROM SLAUGHTER
THIS HOMBRE SAYS THERS PLENTY MOH DESPERADOES OUTSIDE. DO YA THINK WE KIN LICK 'EM?
LEADON, BOSS!
IN THE NEXT ISSUE QUIRT LEADS HIS DESPERATE MEN INTO A ROARING PITCHED BATTLE AND— THE END OF THE RAMBLING RANNY.

"AIR CONQUESTS" -:- -:- -:- By FRANK HAWKS

Upon arrival at ship number 2311 the crew all around saluted me. That did make me feel better. Even though I was bawled out I again realized I was an officer. Everybody was most respectful. Things were really different. I was actually a personage, a second lieutenant, and this was my ship. I was its boss and I was to have a student.

I was thinking of the manner in which I would conduct myself before my cadet. What kind of a person should I be? Must I make him think I am an old timer, or should I let him know the truth? Just then I heard a voice call, "Lieutenant Hawks." I wheeled around and there was Mosely, one of my old classmate who did not succeed in graduating.

All my calculating went up in smoke, for I realized at once he was the student I was to train, and he knew all about me. No putting on a bluff, and I guess it was just as well. Mosely saluted me and said he was reporting to me as my student. I felt embarrassed and I know he did too, so I just put my arm around him. We then hopped into the ship.

I told Mosely I wasn't going to treat him like an ordinary student, but because of military regulations I would have to put up a front before the enlisted personnel. That made him feel good. I told him to take the controls and fly the ship. After a few instructions the leader gave the signal, and "Mose" moved the ship up off the ground.

SHE'S TICKING LIKE A WATCH! OH BOY! I CANT WAIT UNTIL DAD GETS HOME!
JON L. BLUMMER
STOP FOOLIN' WITH THAT DARN PLANE, HARRIGAN AND GET TO THE HOUSE!
OW! TOBEY! YOU'RE HURTING MY ARM!
THEN GIT WHEN I TELL YA TO. I AIN'T YOUR HIRED HAND NO MORE! YOUR OLD MAN'S LAWYER WANTS TO SEE YOU!
GOSH! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! I BET HE'S GOT WORD FROM DAD!
ABOUT HIM, YOU MEAN— YOUR OLD MAN IS DEAD!